
T H E

INJURED ISLANDERS.

(Price One British Shilling.)

THE
INDIAN
ANDES

(2 million 500,000 words)

THE
INJURED ISLANDERS,

O R

THE INFLUENCE OF ART

U P O N

THE HAPPINESS OF NATURE:

A Poetical Epistle from *Oberea* of *Otabeite*

T O

C A P T A I N W A L L I S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

A C A D E M I C K S P O R T S M A N.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY T. T. FAULKNER, IN PARLIAMENT-STREET. 1779.

Gift of William M. Woodworth
Rec. November 5, 1914

P R E F A C E.

FEW Subjects of a similar Nature have afforded more Entertainment to the Public than the late Voyages to the Southern Ocean ; their Design, and the Degree of Success that has attended it, are now generally known : But whatever Advantages either the Spirit of Enterprise, or commercial and Scientifick Interests may derive from some Discoveries that have been made in that distant Hemisphere, it is much to be lamented, that the innocent Natives have been Sufferers by the Event * : The imaginary Value annexed to European Toys and Manufactures, and the Ravages of a particular Disorder have already injured their Morals and their Peace ; even the Instruments of Iron, which so much facilitate the ordinary Operations

N O T E S.

* "It were indeed sincerely to be wished, says Mr. FORSTER, that the Intercourse which has lately subsisted between Europeans and the Natives of the South Sea Islands, may be broken off in Time, before the Corruption of Manners which unhappily characterizes civilized Regions, may reach that innocent Race of Men, who live here fortunate in their Ignorance and Simplicity : But it is a melancholy Truth that the Dictates of Philanthropy do not harmonize with the Political Systems of Europe." FORSTER's Voyages, V. I. P. 247—8. Dub. Ed.

A

of

of Industry, have been used as Weapons of Destruction, or perverted to the Purposes of Ambition and Revenge. The Truth of this Observation appears from the Use which the Head of a sequestered Family at Dusky Bay in New Zealand intended to make of the Axes he received (See FORST. V. I. P. 142.)—from the Magnitude and Destination of the Fleet of O'Taheite assembled at Oparee in April 1774, about seven Years after the Discovery of the Island by Captain WALLIS (ibid. V. II P. 51—5.)—and also from the Commotions excited by Tootahah, who had been Sovereign of it when Captain Cook first arrived there in 1769: One of these, which was occasioned by an Abuse of the Presents he had received (ibid. P. 80.) deprived him in the End, of his Kingdom and his Life. And a similar Revolution, a little before this, had stripped Oberea of that Wealth and Power which so eminently distinguished her at Captain WALLIS's Arrival; she was then Queen of O'Taheite, and treated him with peculiar Generosity and Regard: A Remembrance of their mutual Affection—a Sense of her subsequent Misfortunes—and a Patriotic Feeling

ing for the Fate of her Country, are the Basis of the following Poem.

Before I conclude, it may not be improper to observe, that the Natives of O'Taheite, whose singular Customs and Manners are occasionally described, may be considered by many who have only read Doctor HAWKESWORTH's Compilation, as fitter Subjects for Ridicule than Panegyrick; but whoever peruses the Memoirs given of them by the latest Voyagers, will find that the more these hospitable and happy Islanders are known, the more pleasing they appear: He will also find that the irregular Gratification of their Passions which has been regarded as the most exceptionable Part of their Character, was transmitted through a false Medium to our View: It must be notwithstanding allowed that in THIS, as in every other Country, there is a Diversity of Prospects which may afford the Wit, as well as the Buffoon, an Opportunity of taking an unfavorable Survey, and of sporting with the Defects of unassisted Nature: Entitled to the same Liberty, I have
chosen

8 P R E F A C E.

chosen what, I am persuaded, every Advocate for Humanity would choose, to look through a different Perspective, which has presented me with several Objects in the Lives and Circumstances of these Fellow-Citizens of the World, that even European Grandeur might envy or admire: It is not however my Intention to hazard, farther than what is consistent with the Propriety of my Plan, any invidious Comparison between the Happiness of Natural and Civilized Society, which might lead me into a Deviation from local Images, and that Precision and Perspicuity, which in a descriptive Poem of this Nature, I think necessary, and have endeavoured to preserve; how far I have succeeded or failed in this Design, is submitted with Respect, to the Judgment and Indulgence of the candid Public.

T. C. D. JANUARY 1st, 1779.

T H E

THE
INJURED ISLANDERS,
OR
THE INFLUENCE OF ART UPON
THE HAPPINESS OF NATURE:
A Poetical Epistle from *Oberea of Otaheite* (a)
TO
CAPTAIN WALLIS.

Quod Sol atque Imbres dederant, quod Terra creârat
sponte suâ, satis id placabat Pectora Donum.

REMOV'D from Pow'r, from all its Pomp retir'd,
And far from Thee whom most my Soul admir'd,
No more I shine to emulate the Day
Rob'd in the Lustre of Imperial Sway ;

B

No

N O T E S.

(a) Called Taïti by M. Bougainville; and Taheitee by Mr. Forster.

10 THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

No suppliant Crowds attend my sov'reign Will
Anxious to hear, and ardent to fulfil ;
No flatt'ring Scenes my festive Hours prolong
Where Mirth convivial cheers the circling Throng ;
Each splendid Round of high-born State resign'd,
I try the humbler Comforts of the Mind ; 10
The Task unpractis'd growing Cares control,
And fond Remembrance ravages my Soul ;
In vain I seek the Solace of the Shade
Where the green Turtle flutters thro' the Glade ;
Or up the Steep with straining Steps I roam
Where the pure Stream precipitates in Foam,
Where Dew-dropp'd Shrubs breathe Fragrance as I stray,
That lures the Breeze which steals their Sweets away :
There as I sit above the level Plain,
Sooth'd by responsive Murmurs from the Main, 20
And round expatiate o'er each vary'd Hue
Of once lov'd Landscapes op'ning to my View,
Still from each Sense their transient Beauties fly,
Or feebly strike, and in a Moment die,

Still

THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

11

Still in my Breast I miss my wonted Ease,
Nor Time restores it, nor can Pleasure please.

From Thee, whose Pow'r astonish'd Isles behold
O'er Waves triumphant, and in Terrors bold,
Whose fearless Eye, where burning Suns have shone,
Search'd the wide Waste, and mark'd out Worlds un-
known,

30

From Thee, bright Offspring of the distant Skies !
These new-born Cares, illustrious WALLIS, rise ;
Contemn'd for Thee, where e'er my Footsteps stray,
The Charms of Nature idly tempt my Way,
Unheeded Blooms their fragrant Odours shed,
Untasted Sweets in mantling Clusters spread,
Nor Fruits my Taste, nor Flow'rs attract my Eye,
The Jambu's Richness, nor Gardenia's Die,
To Thee alone, on Fancy's rapid Wing,
My Soul, my Sense, my wasted Wishes spring ;
In ev'ry Change my restless Passions find,
Thy haft'ning Image follows close behind,

40

Presents

12 THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

Presents each Art, attendant in thy Train,
To scatter Commerce o'er the boundles Main,
Rude Nature rescue from it's rough Disguise,
And grant each Good that social Manners prize :--
Thy partial Favor to this Isle profess'd--
Thy grateful Presents to the Heart addres'd--
Thy fervent Vows in Friendship's Guise array'd,
While more than Friendship ev'ry Vow convey'd-- 50
These all recurring, constant as the Day,
Reign in my Breast resistless in their Sway,
Usurp the Scenes my free-born Pleasures knew,
Nor leave a Wish unleagu'd with Love and You.

Late, as along the Verdure-vested Lawn
My Morning Steps approach'd the blushing Dawn,
Far from the Beach, and pendent from the Sky,
A distant Vessel caught my longing Eye,
The purple Streamers, Wave by Wave, appear,
And Love still whispers, lo ! thy WALLIS near ; 60
Oh

Oh joyful Hope!—to greet Thee I prepare,
 And bind the Tomou (*b*) round my fragrant Hair,
 With grateful Gifts of vegetable Store
 I haste impatient to the crowded Shore,
 In vain I haste,—no WALLIS meets me there,
 No Friend, no Fondness to reward my Care,
 Bereft of Pow'r, and destitute of Train,
 My humble Off'rings (*c*) scarce Acceptance gain,
 To richer Chiefs, who rule Taheitee's Land,
 The British Treasures pass from Hand to Hand, 70
 The Crimson Plumes, (*d*) the Beads of brightest Die,
 The Mirrors faithful to the Gazer's Eye,
 The precious Gifts, whose boasted Aid we feel,
 Of pointed Iron, and of polish'd Steel,--

N O T E S.

(*b*) Human Hair plaited, in which they stick Flowers of various Kinds, particularly the (Gardenia) Cape Jeffamine.

(*c*) "She complained to the Lieutenant that she was poor (teètee) and had not a Hog to give her Friends." FORSTER, V. I. P. 293.

(*d*) Red Feathers are highly valued at O'Taheite.

C

Boast

14 THE INJURED ISLANDERS.

Boast tho' we may, to judge them by the past,
These Gifts may prove our fatal Foes at last,
By piercing Steel tho' proudest Forests fall,
And take new Forms at Man's Imperial Call,
By Steel too Man his Fellow Man annoys,
It tempts as Plunder, and as Death destroys, 80
The dang'rous Wealth exotic Wants inspires
Where equal Nature levell'd all Desires,
And, social Freedom sapp'd by envious Strife,
We risk at once our Morals and our Life.

Curs'd the Desire for Wealth like this that made
A rival Chief (*e*) my Royal Realms invade !
The lifted Ax--Ah ! WALLIS, shall I tell ?
On all our Friends with dreadful Havock fell,
An instant Flight thy Obra scarce could save
Where the stern Mountain (*f*) frowns upon the Wave--90

Where
N O T E S.

(*e*) Sovereign of the lesser, or South-East Peninsula of the Island ; for an Account of this War, see FORSTER, V. II. P. 78.

(*f*) The Mountains always afford them Refuge from impending Danger, till the Passion of the Conqueror, which is violent, but not lasting, has subsided.

Where Cloud-girt Rocks their cheerless Bosoms bare,
 The Wretches' last sad Refuge from Despair,—
 There, to conceal me from the furious Foe,
 I sunk depress'd in solitary Woe ;
 As some tall Palm-Tree, Sov'reign of the Plain,
 That tops the Grove, and glads th'admir'g Swain,
 If sudden Shook by Autumn's angry Storm,
 Shrinks from the Blast to hide its humbled Form,
 Stripp'd of it's Fruit, it's Foliage and it's Pride,
 It naked stands, and droops on ev'ry Side ; 100
 So helpless Obra, in a luckless Hour,
 Yields to her Fate, divested of her Pow'r,
 Her only Trust in Tanès (g) wise Decree,
 In Hope, in Love, in Justice and in Thee.

Nor here alone Commotion's hostile Hand
 With Rage and Rapine wastes a trembling Land,

'Gainst

N O T E S.

(g) A Son of their supreme Deities, whom they suppose to take a greater Part in the Affairs of Mankind. See HAWK. Voyages, V. II. P. 81. Dub. Ed.

'Gainst other Shores what fatal Projects rise !
What Fleets (*b*) tremendous fill my wond'ring Eyes !
Already launch'd I see their awful Form
Mount the high Waves, and dare the threat'ning Storm, 110
See their fell Purpose Freedom to o'erwhelm,
Pride at the Prow, Presumption at the Helm—
See subject Isles, late Objects of our Care,
Mark'd out for Plunder, Servitude, Despair,—
Invading Pow'r Imperial Rights define—
Asserted Liberty these Rights decline—
Discord and War in dread Confusion rise
With Widow's Wailings, and with Orphan's Cries—
The ravag'd Plains to Desolation giv'n,
And ev'ry Crime that calls the Wrath of Heav'n : 120
Ah !

N O T E S.

(*b*) The Fleet here alluded to was intended against the Island of Eimeo, whose Chief had revolted : It consisted of 159 great double Canoes of War, from 50 to 90 Feet long between Stem and Stern, besides 70 smaller ones, &c. &c. and yet was only the naval Force of a single District. Hence it appears how much they must have been indebted to European Tools and Models in this respect, since Captain Wallis's Discovery of the Island, when no such Armaments could be seen. See FORS. V. II. P. 51—4, &c.

Ah ! what a Change from all that charm'd before,
When kindred Love connected ev'ry Shore,
When mutual Int'rest, spreading unconfin'd,
Parental Care and Filial Duty join'd—
Such were the Bands that held our happy State
Ere Lux'ry taught Ambition to be great—
Ere Lust of Pow'r to Deeds oppressive led—
Ere Europe's Crimes with Europe's Commerce spread ;
Do these alas ! thy hapless Country shake ?
Corruption sap it, and Contention break ? 130
Or dares proud Trade, if meant for all Mankind,
Here, only here, the dearest Ties unbind ?
In stinted Regions pour it's Blessings round ?
In Climes luxuriant ev'ry Bliss confound ?
As Draughts, which there the languid Frame sustain,
Too pow'rful here intoxicate the Brain,
Till giddy Reason, sick'ning and unsound,
To Madnes turns, and spreads a Ruin round.

D

O Thou,

O Thou, in whom my Heart still seeks Repose,
 Haste to prevent, or mitigate our Woes, 140
 O WALLIS, haste, and emulous of Praise,
 Our drooping Spirits to their Level raise,
 Till native Joys, the Mists of Error past,
 Again return, and brighten to the last.

Canst thou forget ? can Mem'ry e'er betray
 The last sad Hour I urg'd your longer Stay ?
 The Masts were rear'd with Arms extended wide
 To scourge the Storm, and awe th'insurgent Tide,
 While, fondly flutt'ring to the favourite Gale,
 Rose the fair Bosom of the swelling Sail ; 150
 Back to the Beach, desponding still, and slow,
 I vainly turn'd to shun the coming Woe,
 No Shark-Tooth' Punctures (*i*) pour'd a sanguine Stream,
 But Heart-sprung Sorrows flooded all my Frame,

Till

N O T E S.

(*i*) It is a general Custom with them in transient, or affected Grief, to strike a Shark's Tooth into their Head, till it is covered with Blood. See HAWK. V. I. P. 450—468.

Till my faint Soul in silent Anguish fell,
Rose but in Sighs, and feebly breath'd—farewell !
Touch'd with my Grief, and friendly to my Fears,
Midst the broad Deck you mark'd the circling Years,
On sacred Plumes (*k*) this solemn Vow express'd,
To Heav'n and me alternately address'd, 160
That ere the splendid Ruler of the Day
Could close the Circuit of his annual Way,
A quick Return, if Life indulg'd Desire,
Should prove the Witness of your faithful Fire—
Give willing WALLIS to his Obra's Arms,
For Obra then had Empire, and had Charms !—
Pour at her Feet—fond Tribute of his Heart !
The richest Products distant Realms impart—
What e'er for Use, or Ornament design'd,
What decks the Person or delights the Mind, 170
Should

N O T E S.

(*k*) A solemn Affirmation or Oath is made upon a Tuft of red or yellow Feathers ; for a curious Instance see FORS. V. I. P. 293. They are also made use of by the Natives to fix their Attention while they pray to the Deity.

Should here transplanted own his lost'ring Hand,
Bloom all around, and bless the lovely Land.

Where now are all these flatt'ring Prospects fled ?
Where the fond Hopes that once my Fancy led ?
Where the kind Looks ? the sympathetic Tears ?
The soothing Vows that calm'd my rising Fears ?
The promis'd Gifts to dissipate Despair ?
Baits to entice ! and snares to ensnare !
My captive Heart, still struggling to be free,
Strives—but in vain, to fly from Love and Thee, 180
Yet oft resigns, indulgent to it's Ease,
Lost in Reflection's solitary Maze :
As in the Tube, (1) which lifts the gazing Eye
To radiant Beauties of the spangled Sky,

The

N O T E S.

(1) " After the Observation (of an Eclipse of the Sun) was taken, I went to the Queen's House, and shewed her the Telescope, &c. as the Objects by turns vanished and re-appeared, her Countenance and Gestures expressed a Mixture of Wonder and Delight, which no Language can describe." HAWK. V. I. P. 204.—

The wond'ring Sense sees Worlds superior reign,
Impatient mounts, and dwells on ev'ry Scene ;
With equal Zeal, to foreign Coasts and Climes,
To diff'rent Empires, and to distant Times,
Thy dear Description oft my Mem'ry draws,
And awful opes immense Creation's Laws ; 190
But chiefly fix'd my fondest Thoughts abide
Where subject Seas display BRITANNIA's Pride,
Where hardy Chiefs, on arduous Actions bent,
Contemn like Thee the Limits of Content,
Till, by the Tempest of Ambition hurl'd,
They live, or die—the Sov'reigns of the World. (m)

N O T E S.

(m) The following Extracts will account for the Allusions which Oberea makes to European History, &c. in *this* and a few other Passages of the Poem.

“ Oamo asked many Questions concerning England and its Inhabitants, by which he appeared to have great Shrewness and Understanding.” HAWK. V. II. P. 12.

“ Towhah asked us a Variety of Questions, chiefly relating to the Nature and Constitution of the Country from whence we came : The Information which we gave him, was received with the greatest Marks of Surprise and Attention.” FORS. V. II. P. 67.

“ We found no great Difficulty in making ourselves mutually understood, however strange it may appear in Speculation.” HAWK. V. II. P. 72.

Ev'n now their haughty Standards I survey
Rear'd in this Isle, as Ensigns of their Sway,
Each dark Recess excursive they explore,
Search the deep Vale, or coast the coral Shore,
Mount the rough Rocks, with Herbs fantastic spread,
And dare disclose the Morais of the Dead :
Nor Earth alone,—the Starry Heights they trace,
And watch the Planets in their fond Embrace,
Whose Bliss connubial in th' Eclipse's Shade (n)
Their impious Eyes with prying Tubes pervade,
Till secret Nature, pierc'd by Mortal Sight,
A Captive yields, and blushes into Light.

Say to what tend these forward Views that raise
Presumptuous Mortals to their Maker's Ways ?

210

To

N O T E S.

(n) They believe the Stars to be generated between the Sun and Moon, &c. &c. See Journal of a Voyage round the World in his Majesty's Ship ENDEAVOUR, called Banks's Voyage, P. 72. Dub. Ed.

To what can Arts, or Industry aspire ?
 What proud Ambition's utmost Aims desire ?
 But cheerful Ease, that wants nor Toil, nor Skill,
 The Sun can give it, and the cooling Rill,
 Prolifick Earth the balmy Blessing shows
 In Fruit-clad Hills, and Valleys of Repose,
 Such as in Pomp of vary'd Dies display
 This beauteous Island to the Beams of Day—
 Such as perennial charm the loit'ring Swain
 On MAT'VAI's Banks, or sweet PAPARRA's Plain ; 220
 Ah ! blissful Seats of Innocence and Ease !
 Ere Pride-born Commerce taught it's Pow'r to please—
 Ere Wants created kindled new Desires—
 Ere tend'rest Passions felt consuming Fires ;
 Yes, WALLIS, yes, this last—this worst of Woes
 From boasted Europe's baneful Commerce flows,
 Some vagrant Chief, of ever hateful Name,
 Approach'd our Isle, and spread the wasting Flame, (o)
 Thro'

N O T E S.

(o) The Introduction of the Venereal Disease into O'Taheite is imputed to M. Bougainville, who arrived there about nine Months after the Departure of Capt. Wallis. See HAWK. V. I. P. 219.

Thro' ev'ry Nerve th'infestious Terrors rove,
 Sap the shrunk Frame, and taint each Source of Love : 230
 Ah ! whence this Pest that Confidence destroys,
 And prostrate lays Life's dear domestic Joys ?
 Whence the dire Change ? ye unsuspecting Fair !
 Your Blooms a Desert ! and your Bliss Despair ?
 Whence—but enough, my chiding Thoughts be still !
 Some foreign Hand should heal each foreign Ill,
 Hope flys to Thee ; thy Guidance to implore
 I send TUPIA to the British Shore—
 Send, but in vain,—alas his hapless End !
 Lost was my Statesman, Counsellor, and Friend— 240
 Lost ere he knew, for Knowledge was his Aim,
 What tempted Britons Tropic Isles to claim (p)—

Lost,

N O T E S.

(p) The manner in which Navigators usually take Possession of new discovered Countries is no less singular than arrogant, thus when Capt. Wallis arrived at O'Taheite, Mr. Furneaux, who first landed, erected a Staff, upon which he hoisted a Flag, turned a Turf, and took Possession of the Island in his Majesty's Name, in Honour of whom he called it King George the Third's Island : he then went to a River, and mixing some of it's Water with Rum, every Man drank his Majesty's Health. HAWK. V. I. P. 184-5.

Lost, ere he learn'd their Language, or their Laws,
And died a Patriot in his Country's Cause :
Lo ! next OMIAH dares the Task pursue,
And bears this fond Commission to thy View,
Asks, and entreats in Obra's injur'd Name,
Thy wi/h'd for Presence to restore her Fame,
Her haughty Foes, her Subjects' Fears remove,
And share at once her Empire and her Love.

250

Canst thou forget, how cheerful, how content
Taheitee's Sons their Days of Pleasure spent !
With rising Morn they sought the healthful Stream,
And walk'd, or work'd till sultry Noon-Tide came,
Then social join'd, from vain Distinctions free,
In Mirth convivial round the spreading Tree,
While tuneful Flutes, and warbling Wood-Notes near,
In rival Strains still charm'd the list'ning Ear :
At grateful Eve they mix'd the artless Tale,
The Jest, the Dance, the vegetable Meal,

260

F

Paid

Paid the last Visit at some Fountain's Head,
To cleanse, and cool them for the peaceful Bed,
Deem'd the bright Sun declin'd for them alone,
These Isles the World, and all the World their own.

Say thou, whose Judgment diff'rent Nations boast
From cultur'd BRITAIN to this friendly coast,
What lovelier Climes more pleasing Fruits afford
Than this, of all thy piercing Eye explor'd ?
Where can the Bread Fruit sweeter Pulp produce ?
Where richer Cocoas more delicious Juice ? 270
Where finer Robes of Mulb'ry Rinds (*q*) are worn ?
Where fairer Virgins than these Robes adorn ?—
Where smiles the Land where fewer Ills assail ?
Where fewer Fears, or Passions can prevail ?
No Serpents here their poison'd Volumes wreath,
No tainted Gales with fell Diseases breathe,

No

N O T E S.

(*q*) Their Cloth is of three Kinds, and it is made of the Bark of three different Trees, the finest and whitest is made of the Paper Mulberry. See HAWK. V. II. P. 57.

No varying Arts to multiply Desires,
No Av'rice chills, and no Ambition fires,
Each Blessing granted as our Wishes rise,
We live, and love (r)—the Fav'rites of the Skies, 280
While kind ETUAS (s) watchful still preside,
And Nature's Tasks th'aerial Bands divide,
Some o'er the Sea control the Tempest's Roar,
Impel the Tides, or shove them from the Shore ;
Some o'er the Land exert their genial Pow'rs,
Deck the bright Year, or guide the fleeting Hours,
With lib'ral Hand dispense Profusion round,
With fragrant Breath perfume the fertile Ground,
Gild the gay Groves with Fruits refreshing cheer,
Nor ask from Toil the Products of the Year, 290
And

N O T E S.

(r) For their social Virtues and Philanthropy, see FORS. V. II. P. 132.

(s) Gods of the second Class: for an Account of their Religion, see FORS. V. II. P. 127—8. &c.

And pleas'd, or anger'd, as the Work they find,
In Rain-Bows smile, or murmur in the Wind.

Hence favour'd Man, with ev'ry Good supply'd,
Health in his Look, and Plenty at his Side,
His only Toil, amidst the Forests free,
To point the Pearl-Hook (*t*), fell the stubborn Tree ;
Or watch the swift Bonetas as they glide,
Launch the Canoe, and chace them with the Tide :
His manly Mirth too, on the Beach retir'd
Oft hast thou seen, and seeing still admir'd— 300
Lo ! now he mounts, as Surf-swoll'n Billows heave—
Now sinks beneath, and wantons with the Wave ;
Or strains the Bow-String conscious of his Might,
And smiling views the distant Arrow's Flight (*v*) ;

No

N O T E S.

(*t*) Fish-Hooks made of Mother-of-Pearl. See HAWK. V. II. P. 64.

(*v*) Their Bows and Arrows are used only for Diversion ; and Distance, not a Mark, is the Object of Emulation. Ibid, P. 6.

No obvious Mark allures his level Aim
To practise Murder for perverted Fame—
No private Pique a Duel (*u*) here can draw
To Blood-stain'd Fields, and boast it Honor's Law—
Let British Climes the horrid Fiend admire
Who sports with Life, and bids it quick expire, 310
Dreads no Resentment from Almighty Sway,
Or impious braves it in the Face of Day,
Tho' awful Conscience scares his forfeit Rest,
The purple Crime still blaz'ning in his Breast—
Sets in his View a yet unconquer'd Foe—
A Widow's Anguish, or an Orphan's Woe,
Or some sad Lover's last upbraiding Sigh,
Who wretched finds no Refuge but—to die.

Ah ! WALLIS hastē, should yet that Name remain
To crown my Hopes, and prove my Fears are vain ! 320

N O T E S.

(*u*) If we may credit the Journal called Banks's Voyage, a Duel was fought at O'Taheite by two Officers belonging to the Ship, who had been long engaged in a Quarrel which had created much Disturbance on Board. P. 84.

G

Haste

Haste from the Land where Arts engender Strife,
And not an Art but rears some Foe to Life ;
What Joys can there ingenuous Freedom boast,
Where fatal Fashions spread from Coast to Coast ?
Where cultur'd Commerce, as it shoots on high,
But opes new Wants it never can supply,
Or grown luxuriant o'er the gloomy Soil
Sinks by its Weight, or tempts the Rage of Spoil ;
Else, if the Hist'ry of thy Realms be true,
Whence the Vicissitudes describ'd by you ?
Why Arts have flouri/h'd—why have Arts decay'd,
As faithless Fortune flatter'd, or betray'd ?
Why War's wide-wasting Revolution hurl'd
The Seat of Empire round the ravag'd World ?
Why the fierce North a gen'ral Chaos spread,
That swept all Europe as the Ruin sped ?
Each rising Virtue perish'd in it's Bloom,
Each splendid Science shar'd the dreadful Doom,
While Desolation, dark'ning all behind,
Drew down Oblivion's Curtain o'er the Mind,

330

340

Involv'd

Involv'd each glorious Character of Fame,
And scarcely left a Record or a Name,
Till struggling Time compos'd his frighted Form,
And glean'd the Gothic Relicks of the Storm,
Reviving Rays in great COLUMBUS shone,
New Worlds appear'd, and Empires—now their own (*w*).

These awful Scenes depicted to my View
(And Fame, O WALLIS, proves the Painting true,) 350
Oft to my Mind some dreadful Change present,
Some distant Danger, or some dire Event,
Some gath'ring Tempest black'ning from afar,
Some bursting Rage of desolating War,—
Ah ! shall this Isle so late admir'd by Thee,
To Plenty sacred, and to Pleasure free—
This Land where Peace diffus'd it's hallow'd Pow'r,
Where social Virtues cheer'd each passing Hour,

A barren

N O T E S.

(*w*) See Note *m*.

A barren Waste—a lifeless Scene appear
By Rapine plunder'd, or enslav'd by Fear ?
Some Tyrant's Conquest, or some Pirate's Spoil ?
It's native Blessings banish'd from the Soil !— 360
Ah ! shall its Sons, to seek fictitious Wealth,
For lordly Masters lose their florid Health ?
For glitt'ring Ore, that ever uselesf shines,
Shun the bright Day, and sink in dismal Mines,
Or bent to Burdens on the Surface go,
Inur'd to all the Discipline of Woe—
Forbid it thou great Tanè, ever blest !
If e'er my Wishes reach'd thy pitying Breast,
If e'er a suppliant won thy friendly Care,
Oh ! spare my Country, mighty Tanè, spare ! 370
Ere Ills like these o'er native Rights prevail,
Dart the keen Lightning at each daring Sail,
Bid the loud Tempest rouse the whelming Wave,
And not a Foe the surging Fury save :

Or

Or far remove (x), if Vengeance be forgot,
These INJUR'D ISLES to some sequester'd Spot,
Some placid Corner of the boundless Main
Unmark'd by Science, unexplor'd by Gain,
Where Nature still her Empire safe may hold
From foreign Commerce, Confidence and Gold, 380
From foreign Arts—from all that's foreign free,
Save WALLIS only—if approv'd by Thee.

Yes, WALLIS, yes, from Thee no Fears alarm,
Whose highest Rage Submission could disarm—
Well do my Thoughts recal that awful Hour
When first we felt, and trembled at thy Pow'r,
Some dreadful Demon, with an hostile Band,
We fear'd Thee sent to desolate our Land,
What could, alas ! defenceless Troops inspire ?
What check the Fury of destructive Fire ? 390

N O T E S.

(x) "They suppose the Earth or Main Land to be plac'd at a great Distance Eastward, and that their Island was broken off or separated from it, while the Deity was drawing it about the Sea, before he resolved upon it's Situation." BANKES's Voyage, P. 72.

H

Repell'd,

Repell'd, confounded, Patriot Valour fled
 As all around the rapid Ruin sped,
 Till first in Mercy, as the first in Sway,
 Your Pity spar'd what Pow'r could take away,
 Resistance conquer'd saw Resentment cease,
 Hush'd was the War, and rais'd each downcast Face (y);
 'Twas then to meet Thee on the crowded Shore
 The peaceful Plantain (z) in my Hand I bore,
 In due Obeisance half my Bosom bar'd (a),
 And found Respect by mutual Rites rever'd, 400
 A kindling Zeal ere Complaisance began,
 And all the Hero soft'ning in the Man :
 Pleas'd with the Manners of my mighty Guest,
 I fearless led Thee to the Social Feast,

Where

N O T E S.

(y) They used constantly to fall down upon their Faces at the Explosion of a Gun :
 The Particulars of this Engagement are given by HAWK. V. I. P. 182.

(z) Green Branches of Trees, particularly of the Plantain, are their Symbols of
 Peace.

(a) Lowering the Garments, so as to uncover the Shoulders, is in this Country a
 Mark of Respect.

Where Palm-spread Sheds on stately Pillars stood
Midst cooling Shades and Vistas of the Wood,
Each op'ning Front drew Fragrance from the Air,
You gaz'd—you vow'd a Paradise was there,
Smil'd as the Cocoa, soothing to the Soul,
Pour'd the sweet Bev'rage (*b*) from it's native Bowl, 410
Or vary'd Viands op'd their grateful Store,
Fruits from the Grove, and Fishes from the Shore,
New Wonder rose, when rang'd around for Thee,
Attendant Virgins danc'd the TIMRODEE,
And vocal Bards (*c*), the Pleasure to prolong,
Sung the bold Deeds and Heroes of their Song,

But

N O T E S.

(*b*) For Drink they have in general nothing but Water, or the Juice of the Cocoa-Nut ; the Art of producing Liquors that intoxicate by Fermentation, being happily unknown among them. HAWK. V. II. P. 48.

(*c*) "We did not expect to have found in this sequestered Spot a Character which has been the Subject of such Praise and Veneration where Genius and Knowledge have been most conspicuous : yet these were the Bards or Minstrels of O'Taheite." HAWK. V. II. P. 6.

But chiefly Thee, thy Vict'ry and thy Praise,
 The noblest Subject of their simple Lays,
 Till the tir'd Sun, on Western Waves repos'd,
 Dismiss'd the Ev'ning, and the HEIVA (*d*) clos'd. 420

If native Pleasures, simply thus supply'd,
 Disclaim the Arts that minister to Pride,
 What tempts Thee, wand'ring with the faithless Main,
 To barter Ease for Perils and for Pain ?
 Does churlish Nature stint thy Parent Soil ?
 Does Wealth superfluous prompt to wanton Spoil ?
 Do restless Longings for a deathless Name
 Glow in thy Breast, and animate thy Frame ?—
 Vain is each Wish that flatt'ring Hope inspires,
 If in the Toil, the Taste for Joy expires,
 If unrestrain'd we urge the wayward Mind
 Without a Glance on wasting Time behind ; 430

Year

N O T E S.

(*d*) A Concert or Assembly.—It is also a common Name for every public Exhibition.
 See the same Author, V. I. P. 474.

Year following Year, and Day succeeding Day
 Relentless drive Life's boasted Bliss away,
 From Beauty sever Love's attracting Die,
 Youth from the Cheek, and Radiance from the Eye,
 Each pleasing Passion of the Soul subdue—
 Such as thy Obra felt—still feels for you—
 Ev'n this, O WALLIS, must that Pow'r obey
 That strikes unseen, and strengthens with Delay, 440
 That Pride-plum'd Conquest strips of all it's Fame,
 Nor leaves recording Pyramids (*e*) a Name.

When such the Lot of Life's too transient State,
 Canst thou still tempt each Precipice of Fate ?
 Canst thou delight, from peaceful Pleasures fled,
 In Out-cast Realms where Nature's Horrors spread ?

N O T E S.

(*e*) The principal Object of Ambition among the Taheitians is to have a magnificent Morai or Repository for the Dead ; Oberea's, which is raised *Pyramidically* upon a Base of 267 Feet long and 87 wide, is the finest Piece of Indian Architecture in the Island. See HAWK. V. II. P. 22.

I

Where

Where bleak FUEGO rears it's barren Coast—
Where savage ZEALAND pours its hideous Host—
Or onward still where, parted from the Night,
The Polar Day prolongs it's cheerless Light ; 450
There drifted Ice-lands (*f*) dim the weary'd Eye—
There Fogs eternal wrap the languid Sky—
There whirling Sea-Spouts (*g*) formidably proud,
Dart from beneath, and chace the flying Cloud ;
Or fierce Tornados, bursting thro' the Air,
Rend the wild Waves, and spread around Despair :
Ah ! WALLIS, haste—the dreadful Regions shun,
Where dismal Deaths in dark Disguises run,
Where fancy'd Lands, remov'd from ev'ry Joy,
If found deceive us—if posses'd destroy ; 460

Here

N O T E S.

(*f*) Mahine, a Native of the Society Isles, who was on Board the Resolution in the high Southern Latitudes, *despaired*, he said, *of finding Belief among his Country-men, when he should come back to recount the Wonders of petrified Rain, and perpetual Day. Snow, Hail-Showers and Ice*, he said he would call *white Rain, white Stones and white Land.* See FORS. V. I. P. 433—439.

(*g*) For some curious Observations upon Water-Spouts, see the same Author, V. I. P. 155, &c.

Here shalt thou find eace Solace of thy Woes
That Man can ask—if what to ask he knows ;
Here in thy fav'rite, fond Taheitee, still
It's Sons obsequious, and it's Laws thy Will ;
Thy faithful Obra, aided by thy Hand,
Again shall rise, the Empress of the Land,
Her Awe-struck Foes, to shun impending Ire,
Quick to the Mountain's silent Gloom retire ;
Or prostrate—penitent—their Deeds deplore,
Her Wrongs redress, her Regal Rights restore,
Till, smiling Peace thro' ev'ry Region seen,
She rules triumphant, and expires a Queen.